

Once on the other side, there is a chapter on England, some timely hints for your guidance as well as much important information. Germany, France, and Italy have each their own chapter. Each is a great book in very little, and each gives a useful list of books for local reading.

The last hundred pages of the book are devoted to comparison of Réaumur, Fahrenheit, and Centigrade thermometers, to metric measures, a little word on foreign pronunciation, often abused, and some useful verbs and phrases.

Mrs. Jones has done so much for the nursing profession, and been so long identified with its interests, that although the book was written for women in general, one feels like claiming it as one more good thing she had done for us.

PARIS AS IT IS. By Katherine de Forest. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Another book which one can read by way of preparation if Paris is included in our trip abroad, or which can be of great solace to the grief of staying at home if we must, is Miss de Forest's "Paris as It Is: An intimate account of its people, its home life, and its places of interest." So runs the title, and very promising it sounds, and it is a promise that holds good from cover to cover. Some way Miss de Forest takes us into the very atmosphere of Paris and makes the most careless and heedless observe and comprehend something of the meaning of things. The chapter on "French Homes," of which the *Booklovers' Bulletin* says it is "a light to those who sit in darkness and condemn all Frenchmen as airy, immoral, and unstable," is also somewhat of a stinging goad to the American home- and housekeeper—she whose cry and lamentation of drudgery and bad servants fills the land so largely at present. She would do well to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" that chapter. I have seldom read any more pleasing and delightful word-picture of home life than those two little sketches of home life—the family pinched for means, yet managing to maintain themselves with all the necessities of life and many of its luxuries, and the other family with larger income and more fertile resources living almost the same sort of life as their poorer neighbor from choice.

There are glimpses of economies that cause one's eyes to open with amazement. "In very good French houses the fire will be lighted in the salon only when the company has actually rung at the door or on the days of reception." The chapter on the "great shops" you cannot afford to miss. The "Louvre" and the "Bon Marché" will not seem to you like "Stern's" or "Macy's" after reading it—"Bon Marché," the Socialistic Republic; "Printemps," which on the twentieth day of March, the legendary day when the old chestnut-tree of the Tuileries puts forth its first leaves, gives away twenty-five thousand bouquets of violets; the "Louvre," which gives away five hundred balloons daily to the children of Paris; "Samaritaine," which combats superstition by giving every Friday purchaser a tea-cup, a sugar-bowl, or a tray. And the museums of art—how much she shows you of them even in black and white print! Like Mrs. Jones's book, this is in no degree a guide-book, but it shows you things these never dream of hinting at, the real living things.

HISTORY OF FRANCE. By Arthur Hassall. J. M. Dent & Co., London.

An absolute necessity in a foreign country is some book of reference for the history of the country itself. The usual drawback is that history means many huge tomes, impossible to carry about and ponderous to search through when one wishes to certify a date or look up a treaty. This one is a most convenient

as well as complete little volume in the Temple Primer series. It can be tucked away in the same space as one's book of devotions, is light, good print, and most conveniently indexed, so that one has no difficulty in looking up any era, from the Roman conquest before Christ down to the present day. Some of the changes in French history come suddenly and close upon the heels of one another, and it is a saving of time to look up rather than think up these on occasions.

THE SEA LADY. Methuen & Co., London.

After so much rather sober reading as the foregoing list a little nonsense will not come amiss to balance with. Nothing lighter or more nonsensical could you very easily find than the "Sea Lady." I must not tell you the story, for that would spoil it, but do just glance at the Buntings and the Misses Glendower going down to the sea to bathe. "The Buntings did not bathe mixed;" a thing, indeed, that was "still very doubtfully decent in 1898, (!) Mrs. Bunting going first, looking, as it were, for a Peeping Tom with her glasses;" the three young ladies in their beautiful Paris bathing dresses, but completely covered by hooded gowns of towelling; "then Mrs. B.'s maid and the second housemaid and the Misses Glendowers' maid;" a little interval and the two men "with ropes and things." "Mrs. Bunting always put a rope round each of her daughters before ever they put a foot in the water and held it till they were safely out." "As soon as they had reached the high-water mark, where it is no longer indecent to be clad merely in a bathing dress, each of the ladies handed her attendant her wrap, and after Mrs. Bunting looked carefully to see if there were any jelly-fish, and then they went in."

The chapter on the journalists revives one's interest just as the reader begins to tire a wee bit of these honest Britons; but the chapter on "the quality of Parker" drives one to the point of hysterics. Parker is a lady's maid engaged to stand between the Sea Lady and the vulgar gaze of the world. She is a sphinx and stoic. She is also an adept at dissimulation. Don't pay money for such frivolity, but if the book comes your way and you want to laugh, read it.



JUSTICE MAYER, of the Court of Special Sessions, of New York, read a paper on "Criminal Procedure against the Unlawful Practice of Medicine" at a meeting of the Society of Medical Jurisprudence, in which he said: "The worst agency in New York to-day that helps the man who sells either real or pretended abortion medicine is the newspapers, for they make it possible to snare the unwary, the superstitious, and the fearful. I suggest that in the new school of journalism in Columbia there be a chair of advertising, and let it be taught to the young men of the newspaper profession that the first duty of a great newspaper is to censor its medical advertising. If the decent newspapers will assist in the gradual uplifting of public opinion concerning the men and women who engage in these disreputable and criminal occupations, it will be only a matter of a short time until they are driven out of business."